POEM

IN THE

CRUCIFIXION OF OUR SAVIOUR

AND THE

TWO THIEVES.

INRI

O GOD! My GOD!
I come to THEE, bow
To hear me, wretch!
Doth never close,
vers of my tears,
down thy blessed ears,
and let thine eyes, which sleep,
behold a sinner weep!

Let not, O GOD! MY GOD! my sins, tho' great,
And numberless, bet con thy Mercy Seat
And my poor soul be t rown, since we are taught,
Thou, LORD, REMEMBER 'st thy ne, IF THOU BE'ST sought;

I co	ME	not Lord, wit	H	any o	THE	r merit,
Than	WH	at I by my S	A	viour	CH	rist inherit,
Be th	EN	his wound	S	my balm, his st	RI	pes my bliss,
My Crown his	TH	orns, my dea	T	h be lo	ST	in his:
And th	OU	my bles	T	Redeemer!	SA	viour! God!
Quit my ac	CO	unts, with	H	old thy	VE	ngeful rod;
And as for	ME	my ',	O	pes on	T	hee are set,
Thou Chri	ST	fo save	U	s, and hast paid t	H	e debt.
The liv	IN	g Bread, the li	F	e, the wa	Y	I know,
And but	TO	thee,	O	h! whether	S	hould I go?
All o	TH	er helps a	R	e vain: giv	E	thine to me,
For by th	Y	Cross my	S	aving hea	L	th shall be,
O hear	K	en, then, wh	A	t I with	F	aith implore,
Lest s	IN	and death sin	K	me for	E	vermore!
O Lord, my	G	od, my lif	E	direct	A	nd keep.
In death	D	efe	N	d, that i	N	thee I may sleep;
And at the do	OM	let	M	e be raise	D	then,
To liv	E	with the	E	LORD JES	US,	say AMEN.

[EDWARD TOPHAM, Printer.]